

## SOME SPRING SHOPPING.

Which Was Sadly Hindered by a Yellow Jonquil.

To Which Is Added a Stray Observation or Two on the Clothes of Boston Women—Spring Wraps and French Gingham—A Tea Gown.

[COPYRIGHT, 1892.] I have been in Boston for a few days, and you can easily understand, therefore, that an unholiness of spirit within me for copper pink and Spanish yellow and the green of grass and the blue of the peacock and the red of the bird that flies whizzing about his cage at the park and nips the children's fingers.

Boston is afraid of color. On a Boston street or in a Boston parlor there are many women who dress well, but all dress cautiously. It seems to be the lingering taint of Puritanism, a fear of yielding to the emotions, an indwell-



A SPRING WRAP AND FRENCH GINGHAM.

ing conviction that now abideth sobriety, elegance and propriety, and the greatest of these is propriety. Boston seems to rest always within the black silk tradition.

When you see a bit of color it is of some shade that belongs to last year. Boston has taken time to consider it, to reason with itself calmly and to come, as to the younger of its population, to a logical and self-satisfying conviction that it's not inimical to culture.

It's the same way with shapes and materials; Boston won't take them for granted, they have to argue with it to prove their claim to be adopted into its traditions, to tone themselves down and cast off their eccentricities and originalities and become like unto other fashions beloved of the Bostonians; to accustom themselves in short; take a Boston flavor and prepare to be toyed with by the east wind.

A Boston woman when she is in full panoply squeals, not as often as she moves but semi-occasionally. There's something peculiar about her backbone or her stays.

She takes pains conscientiously with her clothes. But—

When I got back on Broadway and a girl looked up facing me with a bunch of red tulips on her bosom I could have opened my arms. Her dress was black, too, but not for blackness' sake; it did but give the tulips and the red ribbon on her muff and the red wing in her hat the more vivid opportunity. The New York woman loves effect and she isn't ashamed of it, and that is why the windows are filled with mauve and rose pink and the soft hues of the violet and lilac and the tender brown of bursting buds and the misty gray of the atmosphere; with jonquil yellow and iris purple and vandyke or brilliant kagare and seves blue, all for her delectation.

One of the most novel of the spring novelties I have seen thus far is a frock of blue camel's hair close-set from the neck to the ground with lines of black gimp making perpendicular stripes dotted with shiny black cabochons. From the sketch of it you will see the wider bands of fanciful gimp at the foot of



TWINKLING WITH CABOCHONS.

the skirt, the black velvet bodice slashed and laced and finished with two long tabs behind, the yoke of velvet to which the waist is shirred with a puffing of blue crepe all around, the puffed sleeve tops sewed to velvet gauntlets and the fluted velvet capote with its blue rosette and aigrettes nodding. It has a demi train and with every sun ray it glitters and twinkles. It's blinding to look at and not one woman in ten thousand would have an aesthetic right to wear it, but—New York takes more joy in life and therein is it wiser than Boston.

Some of the prettiest spring woollens are sage green chevrons and tweeds, and soft nasturtium brown and wall flower red repped woolls and strawberry and russet striped together and fawn tints mottled with green and gray. There is a new red one sees everywhere of a dye between plum color and crimson rose. Swallow blue comes out in the heavy

ladies' clothes, and if you have a sharp eye for the newer combinations you will write it in your memory that pale green is plaided or figured with light tan and with pine and moss green, and that pale yellow mates in like amicable companionship with gray and with fawn.

I went out shopping yesterday with a girl who wanted to buy a spring visiting gown. She had a yellow jonquil in the breast of her new French swallow-tail coat, and that jonquil proved to be the controlling spirit of the whole expedition. It determined the girl in the first place to wear the coat, for it dropped from her hand as she was buttoning a fur cape, and fell upon the silvery gray cloth with its seams overlaid with fine silver silk gimp, producing such a concord of color as would have compelled any sane woman, not a Bostonian, to make the suggested change.

A tailor gown of the old-fashioned ashes of roses struck my shopper's fancy four minutes after we entered the first store. It had a long straight French polonaise over a bell skirt—the dressmakers haven't recovered yet from that freak of their scissors—of ashes of roses corded with silk, with a deep hem about the bottom of velvet of the same color scalloped and tucked out with rows of gray gimp dotted with little pendules of cut steel. It was a charming costume, but as she bent over it the yellow positivism of the jonquil seemed to take all heart and courage out of the tender, delicate tones. My shopper ceased to like it, though she didn't know what had happened to it, and she straightened herself and turned her back on it, with some remark to the effect that she thought it would fade.

A smooth cloth gown of light tan color was the next she ventured to take into consideration. It was a handsome affair enough, with a pointed corselet front buttoned on the left, and with guipure collar all in one, this of sage green and tan striped cloth. It had simple sleeves of plain sage green stuff, with deep striped cuffs and a French skirt of tan cloth, into which the wearer was supposed to get by way of a slit on the left, hospitably trimmed with buttons. At the foot was a broad striped border. I could see that my shopper was looking at it with an eye that saw also the French long coat of tan-colored Harris tweed hanging in her wardrobe at home. It seemed to her, evidently, that coat and costume were born for each other, but when, in her enthusiasm, she drew one step nearer something dissolved the spell of the affinities; it was the jonquil. Its honest disk of sunshine stood out over the tan color and made a broad and effective



A CORN-COLORED TEA GOWN.

contrast, but one, alas, that suggested cheapness and not distinction.

I saw that innocent jonquil, which after all must have been anxious enough itself to get out of the hot stores and the sharp winds and be at home, put her out of conceit with a heliotrope princess dress trimmed with bretelles and with a green and shaggy tweed, with a round belted waist and a narrow vest of green bengaline. Away from it they were perfection. In its neighborhood you vaguely and uncomfortably suspected them of crudity. I can't say to what footsoreness we should not have been reduced in the end if I had not, after prayerful consideration, paused hesitatingly, as a forlorn hope, to see just how vigorously the jonquil would rebel against a striped gown in pale green and gray, the contrasting bars running dizzily about it horizontally. It was not a bad dress, but pretty only for a slender woman. I knew my shopper was too plump for it, but the jonquil uttered never a syllable of protest, and so in sheer weariness the slave of the jonquil ordered it home.

More interesting was the spring wrap she bought to go with it. They are figured together in the illustration. The black lace visito has a light back finished with streamers of black velvet. It is loose in front and has a lace yoke and a velvet rosette with long ends. There was a hat, too, of black lace with butterfly bows, to make which in any way seasonable will call for a decided change in the reading of the thermometer.

There are wraps with loose backs among the exhibitions. I fancy they will stay among them, for it's hardly in woman nature to spoil living figures by taking them off their dummy models. The batiste patterns are very pretty, with their pale yellow carnations thrown on pink or their violet clusters on white, on their honeysuckle flowers on pale blue; but I want to give you a tea-gown picture and the batists must wait for another seven days. It's a corn-colored crepe de chine with a princess front and a wide ribbon belted behind. The front of the bodice is draped with lace, black or white, as you choose, and the back is shirred at the waist and lies in a round train with wide crepe bands; it forms loose draped sleeves which fasten on the inner side of the arm. It's a graceful garment and a sumptuous one, but who could imagine it on a Bostonian?

ELLEN OSBORN.

## A HERO OF OUR DAY.

A Little Chicago Boy Who Was Faithful to the Last.

Many years ago there was a great fire, that burned down a large part of the city of Chicago. Hundreds of homes were swept away, and many strange events occurred while the flames were raging.

A rich lady was hurrying through the crowd of frightened people, and trying to save a few of her household goods. She saw a small boy, and called him to her, saying: "Take this box, my boy, and do not part with it for one instant



TRUE TO HIS TRUST.

until I see you again. Take care of it, and I will reward you well."

The boy took the box, and the lady turned back to save some more of her goods, if possible.

Soon the crowd came rushing between them and they were separated. All that night and the next day passed. The lady took refuge with friends outside the city, and heard nothing more of the boy or box.

Her diamonds, a large amount of choice jewelry and all her valuable papers were in the box, and of course she was in great distress at losing them.

But on Tuesday night a watchman found the boy, sitting on the box, and almost buried in the sand and dirt that had fallen about him. He had been there all through the long hours, without food or shelter. At times he had covered himself with the sand to escape the terrible flames.

The poor child was almost dead with fright and fatigue, but had never once thought of deserting the precious box that had been trusted to his care.

Of course he was amply rewarded by the grateful lady, but the boy who could be so faithful to a trust would be rich and noble without any gift.—Our Little Ones.

## A DOLL SACHET.

List of Articles Required and How to Put Them Together.

One small Japanese doll, a piece of thin silk about five inches square, five cents' worth of sachet powder, a small quantity of thin white muslin and a yard of narrow ribbon complete the list of articles required to make a "doll sachet."

First make the waist of the white muslin and sew it on; then wrap the cotton (which has been sprinkled with



A DOLL SACHET.

the powder) around it from the waist down to a trifle below the feet; cover this with the silk and trim it with the ribbon as seen here.

Silk of any color can be used, as the taste suggests, for the sachet.—Harper's Young People.

## ONE EASTER EGG.

At First Gracie Didn't Like It, But Afterward She Smiled.

"Only one Easter egg," said Gracie, in a disappointed tone, "and I know I've hunted everywhere! On my birthday, too! Only just one!"

She sat down by the bay window to look at it, and all at once she saw that it wasn't a common egg at all.

Then she looked very close, indeed, and saw what seemed to be a crack, only it was perfectly straight, and reached all the way around the egg. She pulled gently at the two halves, and they came apart—and out rolled another egg, just like the first, only a shade smaller.

She put the halves together again, and then she had two eggs. She picked up the second one, and found that it opened the same way, and out rolled egg number three.

So she kept opening and shutting till she had ten, all the way, in size, from a hen's egg to a quail's egg. And this last little egg opened like the rest, and there was the dearest little gold ring!

"I'd rather have that for my birthday than anything, mamma," she said, afterward. "Twas the very nicest nest of Easter eggs I ever did see, and to think I felt bad because it seemed like only just one!"—Eudora S. Bumstead, in Youth's Companion.

## In the Menagerie.

Fox—Say, Hare, why don't you have a beautiful bushy tail like mine? Hare—Don't want it. Haven't any more use for a hare brush than a rooster has for his comb.—Harper's Young People.

## Her Only Hope.

"Paleontology, you know, Miss Laura," said the professor, who had lingered till the hands of the clock pointed to 11:15, "is my specialty. It is only necessary for one to make a remark about paleontology to get me started and—"

And the young lady slowly, distinctly and with emphasis made a remark about paleontology.—Chicago Tribune.

## Another Plot.

The Czar—A horrible thought strikes me!

The Lord High Executioner—What is that, your majesty?

The Czar—If that dentist was a Nihilist he may have filled my teeth with dynamite. Then, the first time I bite and I shall blow the top of my head off!—Puck.

## "SURE POP."



—Life.

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## Accounted For.

She—Papa's crystal wedding is tomorrow night. He has been married fifteen years.

He (slightly embarrassed)—Ah! yes. I—I should think so.

She—His second wife, you know.—Harper's Bazar.

## Innocent Soul.

Mrs. Gofrequent—How quickly your husband has climbed to success in his business.

Mrs. Reelus Tate—Yes. He had to climb. I've often heard him say he got in on the ground floor.—Chicago Tribune.

## A Winter Fool.

Here rests in peace a child of fate: Don't tully pass him, stranger.

In life one day he tried to skate Too near the sign marked: "Danger."—Judge.

## Slightly.

"I never withhold anything from my wife. I tell her every night all that I have done during the day."

"And do you tell her every day what you have done during the night?"

"Well, that's different."—N. Y. Sun.

## At Cross Purposes.

Lord de Vold—Have you ever been presented at court, Mrs. Lakeside?

Mrs. Lakeside—Oh, lots of times! There isn't a judge in Chicago that doesn't know me. I've been divorced three times, you know.—Epoch.

## She Got What She Wanted.

"I was bound to marry a nobleman or nothing," remarked an American girl returning with a foreign husband.

"I guess you got both," said her father, and went on making out a check.—Detroit Free Press.

## Pot and Kettle.

First Wall Flower (at the ball)—Randy, you've been vaccinated lately, haven't you?

Second Wall Flower—No. Why? (Spitefully) "You don't seem to catch anything."—Chicago Tribune.

## The Retort Severe.

Mable—Haven't I told you a hundred times not to kiss me!

Jacques—Yes, I suppose you have.

Mable—Well, if you knew how hard it was for me to say it you wouldn't make me do it.—Jester.

## In Chicago.

Accepted Suitor—And for a wedding trip we will go to Niagara.

His Affianced—Oh, no, not Niagara; I'm tired of that place. I've gone there every time I have been married.—Lippincott's Magazine.

## The Other Kind.

"I can recommend some delightful cough-candy," said Swayback to Snooper.

"It wouldn't do me any good," replied the sufferer. "I haven't a delightful cough."—Judge.

## He Stayed at Home.

Aunt—Why don't you stay at home sometimes and play with your sister?

Little Boy—Oh, I do—often.

"When?"

"When some boy wants to lick me."—Good News.

## Artful Mix.

Miss De Muir—Mr. Shye, do you know what bees eat in the winter?

Mr. Shye—Yes; honey.

Miss De Muir—La, Harold, how bold you're getting!—Chicago Tribune.

## Had Heard It.

"Did I tell you what my boy said to Hicks?" asked Marberry.

"Yes. Four times last night and three times this morning," said Barton, wearily.—Jury.

## A Thing Impossible.

"I suppose your father can do almost anything," remarked Bobby.

"No, he can't," answered Tommy; "he can't stop the baby crying at night."—Harper's Young People.

## It Was Strong Enough.

"Spatts!" called out Hunker from the other end of the breakfast table.

"Well?"

"Turn the butter in this direction and tell it to come."—Judge.

## A Sure Thing for Him.

Smith—So you are a poet! And may I ask how you make your living?

Rondo—Oh, I win all the fasting competitions at the dime museums.—Jury.

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VESTIBULE No. 11. No. 13. No. 15.

Lv. Chattanooga. 10:40 p. m. 1:10 p. m. 3:55 a. m.

Ar. Atlanta. 3:41 a. m. 6:45 p. m. 2:40 p. m.

Lv. Atlanta. 3:55 a. m. 7:00 p. m. 3:45 p. m.

Ar. Macon. 6:45 a. m. 10:10 p. m. 6:59 p. m.